



Gunsite Gazette

Mississippi River Rangers
June 2010

Clubs Calendar

June

5 MSSA Sunday Shoot

12 MSSA Shoot

19 MRR Set Targets
MSSA WB

26 MRR Shoot

July

4 MSSA Sunday shoot

10 MSSA Shoot

17 MRR Set Targets
MSSA WB

24 MRR Shoot

31 MRR 5th Sat. Shoot

Top Shooters 2010 Smokin' Guns at Rabbit Ridge



**Little Naconia One Shot
and Prestidigitator**

Jered's Cowboy Journal

Howdy Pard,



Well it's over. Except for some minor follow up stuff the 2010 Smokin' Guns at Rabbit Ridge is in the bag. I think it went very well. We had no serious rain issues like we have in the past and the temperatures were not as bad as they could have been. I heard "we've really enjoyed the shoot" and "Great job Jered" a lot that weekend. I kept saying "thank you" and "it was a group effort" and "we're glad you had a good time." I hope that as you spoke to people during the match you were hearing the same thing. There were so many people that made the whole event come together. I tried to take the opportunity to say thanks at the banquet, but don't believe I was heard so here's a recap for you...

First I have to thank Lee and Patty for allowing us the use of their backyard for our playground for the last fifteen years. And for bringing Cowboy Action Shooting to our area and getting it started. Next is Sable Starr. Thank you for suffering through me these many months. I know I am not the most organized person and she not only kept the registration straight, but helped keep me grounded and focused. A side thank you to Loco Perro for putting up with me monopolizing her time. Taska Jim. The ramrod, not the trail boss. Taska took charge of all the repair and Maintenance on the range and took charge of the work parties to prep the range before the match. We had a great group of helpers on the range this year too. When you see these folks tell them thank you because they put in a lot of time and effort to make this a great match. Dam Quick Dan, Rattlesnake Rowan and Sweetwater Sage, Moon Dance Kid and Highcard Kay, Desperado Dave, Hot Diggity Dog, WoodPecker, Bit Fiddler and Darlin' Di, Desoto Bob and Ginny Lindale, Bluegrass Bob and Wildcat Belle, Taska Lil, Casino Clair, Loose E Cannon, Ezramiah, Tumbleweed and anyone else I might have forgotten.

We had a lot of great help this year and it made things a whole lot easier for me. Thank you to all of our helpers, you did a great job and our guests noticed it.

A lot of our out of town guests expressed how much they would miss Rabbit Ridge once we were gone. I kept telling them that we were not going anywhere in the near future and that the range would not be moving until a new range is ready. We still have a couple more years of Smokin' Guns at Rabbit Ridge at Rabbit Ridge before a new range will be ready for an annual match. I also kept reminding them that the Mississippi River Rangers are not going away, just searching for a new home. Besides, a club's heart is it's people and we have some of the best people around.

One last thing before I wrap it up for the month. Some of you may have noticed that Gentleman Jimmy Valentine and Dusty Kudzu did not make it to the match as they thought they would. Jimmy had an illness that put him in the hospital for a couple of weeks before his insurance from his new job kicked in, so they had some big bills to take care of. The Mississippi River Rangers has had a long standing tradition of helping the cowboys out when we can and I want to continue that tradition. I'm pledging \$100.00 to start a fund for Jimmy and Dusty to help defray their medical expenses. I hope you will do what you can and make a donation at the next match. Jimmy and Dusty put in a lot of time for our club while they were here and we can use this as an opportunity to let them know they are missed and our thoughts and prayers go out to them.

Vaya con Dios

Jered

Around The Campfire With Mississippi Tom and Delta Betsy

The May match was great. Looking around at the crowd who gathered and the cowboys and gals who came to the range, it was a lot of fun for everyone. Everyone seemed to work together while having an unspoken respect for each other and the game. An unspoken code.

In the early days, no "written" code ever actually existed, however, the hardy pioneers who lived in the west were bound by unwritten rules that centered on hospitality, fair play, loyalty, and respect for the land.

Ramon Adams, a Western historian, explained it best in his 1969 book, *The Cowman and His Code of Ethics*, saying, in part: - "Back in the days when the cowman with his herds made a new frontier, there was no law on the range. Lack of written law made it necessary for him to frame some of his own, thus developing a rule of behavior which became known as the "Code of the West." These homespun laws, being merely a gentleman's agreement to certain rules of conduct for survival, were never written into statutes, but were respected everywhere on the range.

Though the cowman might break every law of the territory, state and federal government, he took pride in upholding his own unwritten code. His failure to abide by it did not bring formal punishment, but the man who broke it became, more or less, a social outcast. His friends 'hazed him into the cutbacks' and he was subject to the punishment of the very code he had broken.



Cowboys relaxing in the shade.

**"A man's got to have a code, a creed
to live by, no matter his job."
-- John Wayne**

Though the Code of the West was always unwritten, here is a few of the guidelines that abided in the land:

Don't inquire into a person's past. Take the measure of a man for what he is today.
Never steal another man's horse. A horse thief pays with his life.

Defend yourself whenever necessary.
Look out for your own.
Remove your guns before sitting at the dining table.
Never order anything weaker than whiskey.
Don't make a threat without expecting dire consequences.
Never pass anyone on the trail without saying "Howdy".
When approaching someone from behind, give a loud greeting before you get within shooting range.
Don't wave at a man on a horse, as it might spook the horse. A nod is the proper greeting.
After you pass someone on the trail, don't look back at him. It implies you don't trust him.
Riding another man's horse without his permission is nearly as bad as making love to his wife. Never even *bother* another man's horse.
Always fill your whiskey glass to the brim.
A cowboy doesn't talk much; he saves his breath for breathing.
No matter how weary and hungry you are after a long day in the saddle, always tend to your horse's needs before your own, and get your horse some feed before you eat.
Cuss all you want, but only around men, horses and cows.
Complain about the cooking and you become the cook.
Always drink your whiskey with your gun hand, to show your friendly intentions.
Do not practice ingratitude.
A cowboy is pleasant even when out of sorts. Complaining is what quitters do, and cowboys hate quitters.
Always be courageous. Cowards aren't tolerated in any outfit worth its salt.
Give your enemy a fighting chance.

"The Code of the West was a gentleman's agreement to certain rules of conduct. It was never written into the statutes, but it was respected everywhere on the range. "
-- Ramon F. Adams

Excerpts taken from the book, Legends of the West.

Seems like pretty good stuff to live by today.....

This month, let's cook up some fried chicken, potato salad, assorted veggies and/or any kind of dessert that you might like to bring.

One last thing, don't forget about a cowboy's guide to life.....Always take a good look at what you're about to eat. It's not so important to know what it is, but it's critical to know what it was!

Have a great month and we'll see you at the social.

Tipi Etiquette from The Possibles Shop

The original tipi was a temple as well as a home. The floor of the tipi represented the earth on which we live, the walls of the tipi the sky, and the poles the trails from earth to the spirit world – the lines between man and the Great Mystery.

The interior of the Tipi held many secrets. Directly behind the fireplace was a little space of bare earth which served as the family altar. Often this space was prepared in the shape of a square, and sod and all roots and stubs removed, and the earth within the square pulverized and brushed clean. The square area represented Mother Earth, and on this square sweet grass, cedar, or sage were burned as incense to the spirits. The smoke from the incense carried prayers to the Ones Above, as did the smoke from a pipe. Indeed, the pipe itself was often purified in the smoke of incense.

The Native Americans have definite rules of etiquette for life in the tipi. If the door was open, friends usually walked right in. If the door was closed, they called out or rattled the door covering and awaited an invitation to enter. See our line of Tipi at <http://www.possibleshop.com/c-g-tipi.html>

On the Trail with Capt. Augustus & Skip

Well now that the big shoot is over, the summer heat starts to sizzle. At least the afternoon thunderstorms seem to cool it off a little. I hadn't noticed them the last couple of years, but they appear to be back. I remember as a boy, way before air conditioning (other than at the movies), looking forward to them to break the heat. We did manage to make it four days at Smokin' Guns without one hitting us directly.



While scanning the SASSWIRE there was an article that made me sit up and take notice. It was a cowboy shooting black powder loads in his rifle, which had what appeared to be a dead round. As he opened the action, slightly dropping the butt of the rifle, the round cooked off. The blast caught him in the face, his eyes were protected by his glasses, but he did get burned.

It made me think about the dead rounds I tend to stick in my pocket during a match, not many, but one every now and then. I guess the safest thing to do is wait a few seconds and eject the round without dropping the rifle butt, but it still could go off in midair. When a round goes off outside of the gun, they aren't as powerful, but the case and the lead bullet are traveling fast enough to mess up your day. I once dropped a container of .45 cartridges and one went off. The lead bullet was at my feet, but the casing ended up about four feet away. Timers should be aware of when something like this is taking place, because they are at ground zero also.

Another thing that has happened at the firing lines across the country is when a round doesn't feed correctly in a rifle and the shooter starts to force things. That's definitely time to call a malfunctioned gun. In any shooting game, we are dealing with deadly weapons, mouse fart loads included, so be SAFE and have FUN.

The pictures that I took at Smokin' Guns 2010 have been sent to Bit Fiddler for the website photo album. Congratulations to all the winners and all the shooters.

See you at a shoot!

The Gunsite Gazette is the official newsletter of the Mississippi River Rangers, whose address is: MRR, PO Box 942, Byhalia, MS 38611. You can reach Easy Lee or Casino Clair by telephone at 662-838-7451. By internet their email address is rabitridge@aol.com.

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The Gazette welcomes articles and pictures, which should be received by the 5th of the month. If at all possible, they should be sent via email to Capt. Augustus, otherwise they should be typed and mailed to:

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